THE COMMONWEAL

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OPPRESSION AND DEFENSE

THE extent to which our theory and practice of crime control is unorganized cannot, of course, be inferred from the Dannemora and Auburn incidents alone. Here are two prisons belonging to the great state of New York, which has probably done as much to treat with the offender against society as any other commonwealth. And yet, within one week serious outbreaks occurred in both—nothing less than rebellions participated in by all the prisoners, with a consequent toll of dead and wounded. Various explanations have been put forward to account for the uprisings. It is suggested that the food was unsatisfactory and that the housing facilities were inadequate. The Baumes Law, which imposes heavier penalties upon veteran offenders, seems to be in part responsible. Governor Roosevelt went on record as saying that "the life term for crimes against property has a tendency to make an individual feel more bitter than if he were sentenced for a crime against persons." Finally, it is alleged that the number of really desperate criminals is larger than it used to be, and that therefore the warden's problem has become a more baffling one.

We may concede the rightness of these explanations and say that they point to at least one safe conclusion. If the principle underlying the Baumes Law is sound, imprisonment for life is the state's basic remedy for the perennial criminal. But imposing the life term means dealing with a man for the rest of his days. It may involve no mercy, but it does necessitate bearing in mind that justice must always be on the side of society. The extent to which environment irritates and maddens a victim of the law is precisely the extent to which his control grows difficult. New York does not seem to have realized this fact. Its prisons are unsanitary, ancient, overcrowded. Its legislators grasped at the Baumes remedy but failed to ask how it could be administered. A moment when the suppression of crime loomed up as a major problem coincided with one of those innumerable moments when it was difficult to increase taxes. Why spend good money on a gang of desperadoes?

Here once again the element of psychology appears. A century ago law-breakers were huddled into jails the very memory of which is sickening. Many were summarily executed for offenses like stealing a loaf of bread or penning an epigram against a government. Today no civilized nation in the world would tolerate

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such things. The tide has risen steadily against capital punishment, and the movement for prison reform has been endorsed by millions. It is widely felt that the criminal is less an offender than a slave to ingrained tendencies, and the evidence substantiating this feeling is impressive. Condemn a man to prison, therefore, and you have locked up an individual who, though conscious of his evil deeds and moral outlawry, has nevertheless been bred in a certain tradition of justice. He does not take his punishment as a rapscallion of 1800 took his. You may force him into a padded cell, you may deny him water and food. But you cannot either destroy his conviction that these actions are unjust, or please the public conscience with reports about them. The citizen with a sense of responsibility for what the community accomplishes immediately joins the party of the oppressed.

In all truth, our contemporary treatment of crime is a blend of modern theories and psychology with genuine, almost primitive fears and outmoded methods. For instance, we talk about "responsibility" one way and act another. Now we go the whole way with the parole system, and then again we indulge in a veritable orgy of suppression. It is a curious fact that, in the interim, the relation between religion and crime seems to have got sadly tangled. If there be a Catholic philosophy of the will which asserts that diseases of volition—madness left apart—cannot be healed, we have failed to learn of it. History, indeed, tells us not a little of the magnificent limits to which saints went in their dealings with malefactors. Yet in our time we hear chiefly of the Church as a "preventive of crime." It is bruited on all sides that religion is the "eternal barrier against the social deluge," and one concedes that there is an element of rightness in the claim. But why is it not more widely noted that the life which Christ gives is also supremely, miraculously curative of the evil mind and heart? Faith starts, as Newman declared, with the sense of sin; and most of us begin to register some progress in the spiritual order not when we remind ourselves of what we have not done, but when we enumerate hte sores of which we have been healed. After all, that is the moral in the parable of the illustrious Pharisee and the outlaw Publican.

The thought suggests itself that, granted the modern attitude toward crime and its perpetrator, the most promising remedial agency is one that is hardly tried. If there were such a thing as a religious order devoted to the conduct of a prison, we should possess the only means for testing out theories that seems to be within reach. For though crime may be partly a disease, it is certainly not a physical disease. It cannot be stamped out by pills or surgery. On the other hand, the degree to which it indubitably is a volitional offense demonstrates that, relatively at least, it is capable of spiritual treatment. Under existing circumstances, however, this treatment cannot be effectively given. The ordinary organization of the Church makes no provision for it, and the prison chaplain is the solitary rival of a thousand influences over most of which he can exercise no control. If the criminal is actually the menace and the scourge he appears to be, ought not the Christian effort to be orientated in his regard less with an idea of general prevention, much of which duplicates itself, and more in the sense of salvage and redemption?

WEEK BY WEEK

DURING the past weeks, Mr. Hoover has busily and courageously professed disarmament. The pending international conference on navies is now so much to the fore that the President evidently thought it best to lay his cards flat and uncover the trump ace, which was nothing less than the mating of parity and reduction. As matters stand, the United States is entitled to fifteen cruisers, Great Britain being just about that many ahead. But an order from the White House on July 25 stopped work on three ships authorized by Congress; and in a subsequent reply to complaints made by Commander Paul McNutt of the American Legion, Mr. Hoover declared that common sense suggested that naval parity might be reached by agreement rather than by resigned competition. It would seem that the hope is to delay the American cruiser-building program long enough to enable the British to drop vessels which will have grown obsolete. Thus equality would be achieved by time; and if the system continued to operate, the whole naval equipment of both countries would attain twin-like proportions by downward descent rather than upward evolution. The idea is to be considered an offer, a suggestion, rather than a program already established. If the British feel that they can accept it, the prospects for disarmament progress are excellent. Meanwhile, however, the President seems to have abandoned the notion, also made public, of reducing the size of the army. That body is apparently far from corpulent already.

Grooming the Military

IF THE idea propounded at Baton Rouge, Louisiana, can be effectively harnessed to reality, more than 2,000,000 farmers and stock raisers will stand shoulder to shoulder in the National Chamber of Agricultural Co-operatives. The resultant organization would be like nothing else in history. Coöperative movements have always resembled trades unions—that is, they have banded together groups raising the same product or serving the same public. The new plan, however, proposes something that is a cross between an industrial "merger" and the American Federation of Labor. It is impossible, as Secretary Hyde declared in his address, "to merge 6,000,000 farms," and nobody would dream of doing so. On the other hand, agricultural coöperation cannot be merely a form of collective bargaining over and

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against a public with hostile interests. The farmer is a small capitalist; and when he joins hands with his fellows, it may mean eventually something akin to a unification of investments. That there are difficulties ahead no one will deny, but the aid of the government has been pledged and it would seem that national economic policy favors an extension of the "production cycle" theory to the business of raising crops and beeves. When the farmer succeeds in getting better returns on his acreage, he will perforce be exacting a heavier toll from the consumer but will also be in the market for increased amounts of industrial products. Meanwhile, one waits interestedly to see if the Federal Farm Board will find it possible to devise any really adequate machinery for carrying out the proposed change.

As Mr. Jaffe Looks Around

LAST year Mr. Louis I. Jaffe, editor of the Norfolk Virginia-Pilot, received a Pulitzer prize for an editorial of considerable merit. He was thereupon invited to address the Press Association of his state, and gave them what was really a still better editorial. Of course Mr. Jaffe advised his fellow-editors to get rid of "self-imposed inhibitions" and, upon occasion, to use pens "dipped in vitriol." These remarks are worthy in themselves, but may always be expected at a press convention, and are treated by the business managers to the same sort of hearing that hardened sinners bestow upon the Sunday sermon. But our editor went on to venture some comments upon the soul of Virginia which seem unusually lucid divinations of the new industrial South. Mr. Jaffe noticed the extant debate between those who believe that Dixie can "retain the distinctive graces of its traditional culture," and those who foresee an "inevitable capitulation to the gospel of American arrivism." But though the press must concede that the tide is running pretty stiffly against tradition, though it "must echo the cry for more industries" and all other things which make for industrial progress, the "great human objectives" must not be lost sight of. "It will not make for a happier Virginia if we build here an industrial order founded on pauper wages," says Mr. Jaffe. "It will not make for a more civilized Virginia if we crystallize here a social order pyramided on a peasantry without hope."

MORE specifically, Mr. Jaffe traced a program concerned with actual details and gave his writing brethren several clear targets to aim at. "There is work for an independent press in a commonwealth which has added in a single biennium $200,000,000 worth of new industries, but which still numbers more than seventy thousand native adult white people who can neither read nor write, and a population of Negro illiterates several times larger. There is work for an intelligent press to do in Virginia so long as we have the spectacle of a proud city like Staunton permitting its public library to perish for want of appropriations, but finding money in abundance for a new country club; and the spectacle of a great city like Norfolk boasting 12,500 automobiles with an estimated outlay of $5,000 for gasoline alone, but unable, after ten years of effort, to accumulate a beggarly $200,000 for the building of the first unit of a long-planned museum of art." Those are facts worthy of attention, certainly; and if they have been chosen at random from the show of life in the South, they may well be accepted as representative of the spiritual rhythm of the nation as a whole. The press is truly our agency for the expression of public opinion; and the more it turns the whole of its attention from the instruments of the liberal and humane ideal to fix it on the mere mechanics of civilization, the more ground are the mind and soul of the people inevitably destined to lose.

Unionizing the Faithful

THE French are very fond of the "enquête," which is a kind of round-robin sent by an editor to diverse persons asking for their opinion regarding a topic of alleged importance. Recently Les Lettres, a bustling Paris review, conducted one having for its theme "la crise des élites"; and since the review is Catholic, the argument gradually boiled itself down to a question which may be phrased as, "How can people who profess the same faith unite rather than fight?" Many interesting things were said, and we were particularly impressed with an admirably frank statement by the Abbé Jacques Leclerq, to whom it seemed that many things people are cutting one another's throats over belong to very ancient history. It is to be feared, however, that no wholly satisfactory answer to the question was reached. The maxim of Saint Paul—that there be unity in essential matters, freedom in realms that are open to inquiry, and charity always—abides, of course, as solidly as ever. There is nothing wiser in the Epistles, and we propose it as a motto for every species of religious journalism. But since all of us are human beings, the dust which floats in the region between essentials and their practical realization is forever getting into our eyes. Who does not recall the barrels of ink and beakers of wrath which were devoted, half a century ago, to the question as to whether the classic writers are spiritually harmful? At least one man died of over-indignation, and several others might have traced their eventual apoplexies to this momentous debate.

IN FRANCE most of the difficulty has a political cast. Several contributors to the "enquête" remarked that Christian democracy had been condemned even as royalism of the Action Française stamp had been condemned. How, then, is a method of partizan unification to be devised? Most of the moralists who rose to this question replied that the solution of social and political problems, even in so far as they envisage religion, may be attempted in "various fashions" none

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of which deserves unique approval as being "doctrinal." Cases may arise in which, for the sake of remedying a specific evil, ecclesiastical authority may exact obedience to a command; but these are rare, and Pope Leo's demand for justice to labor is the best known among recent instances. The norm of harmony is, fundamentally, plain ordinary Christian good-will. It is almost as essential to be orthodox in etiquette as in anything else. One may add, however, that a profound respect for truth (even at the expense of old-fashioned double-barrel-shotgun propaganda habits) seems an excellent adjunct recipe. The antithesis beneficial-harmful is often injected into discussions where the more primary right-wrong is alone in place. In truth of every sort we have been told to find our liberty; and doubtless it would also help to give us unity and brotherly affection. After all, the pragmatists are probably the most violent and insistent dogmatists of all—excepting only in those realms where dogma is truly essential.

THE court set up by the British Board of Trade to investigate the sinking of the Vestris has come to substantially the same conclusions as the American examiners. The first hysterical charges of cowardice and disobedience on the part of the Negro seamen and stokers have been declared false—"There was no lack of order among the crew or any particular section of the crew." Of the nine causes contributing to the disaster, the most important were overloading, and the "tender" condition of the vessel. Captain Carey, to the gratification of Master Mariners who have insisted from the first that he was being criticized unduly, has been largely exonerated. The court finds fault with his attempt to lower boats on the weather side of the ship, and with his delay in calling for help. But it recognizes that his position was made difficult by the orders which the Lamport and Holt Company had issued to all its masters. After considering, in case of mishap, the actual peril of his passengers, the Captain's instructions were "to judge whether he be justified in not fighting his own way to the port unaided. His ability to succeed in this will always be considered as a matter of high recommendation for him as a master." The court indulged in no overstatement in declaring these instructions to be "highly undesirable." Whatever may be said of Captain Carey, he was much closer to the ethics of the sea than the shipowners who had ordered him, however delicately, to take a chance.

Last Word on the Vestris

THE court's recommendations will open the eyes of landlubbers. Precautions are urged which those of us who take a sea voyage only occasionally had supposed were adopted at least a century ago. For instance, it is advised that ship's officers obtain data on how to effect pumping out of ballast tanks; that special attention be paid to the water-tightness of hatchways; that the lifeboat list for passengers and crew should be prepared before sailing; that the assistance of consular authorities be invoked to observe and report the draughts of vessels sailing from foreign ports. Similarly, it will be recalled, the American investigators recommended that all sea connections be located so as to permit inspection and repair while at sea; that all ocean-going ships be equipped with wireless and a competent operator; that owners be required to keep available in this country data on stability. These reports embody the lessons of the Vestris. But until public opinion in England and America insists upon their recognition, and their incorporation in maritime law, the last word on that ill-fated ship will not have been written.

THE extraordinary business of finding Mr. Edison's successor is over with, for the present at least, and Mr. Edison, embarrassed with an abundance of talent, or at least better satisfied with the results than he was with the group of college men whom he examined on another famous occasion, has decided to award four scholarships instead of one. If the questions were not entirely technical, it should be remembered that Mr. Edison is not exclusively a mechanic. He has made excursions into theology and philosophy more than once, and his successor, presumably, must have the qualities which will permit him to follow Mr. Edison in these fields as well as in science. From statements made by the candidates themselves, we judge that they made a better showing in the "general" examination than in the scientific. For instance, to the question "If you were to inherit $1,000,000 within the next year, what would you do with it?" most replied that they would seek wise counsel. And that is the best answer anyone could make. In the history of the world, very few men have known what to do with $1,000,000, or its equivalent. We wonder which member of Mr. Edison's board of judges was best pleased by the answer? Dr. Stratton, the president of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology? Or Mr. Ford? Both of these men could qualify as wise counselors. Yet how different their advice would be. Dr. Stratton, probably, would have something to say about endowments, a subject particularly abhorrent to Mr. Ford.

The Crown Prince of Science

INTENTIONALLY or otherwise, the series of articles by Mrs. Mabel Walker Willebrandt now current in the New York Times is somewhat in the nature of an apologia pro vita sua. For "the inside of prohibition," her announced subject, has been to a remarkable extent for the past eight years, the figure of the former United States Assistant Attorney-General, and any justification of departmental workings must obviously be a justification of her own course. On the other hand Mrs.

A Martyr to Party

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Willebrandt as a martyr to her party is a novel picture indeed to her countrymen, who had been taught to regard her as a particular trial and tribulation to the Republican National Committee. That is the rôle, nevertheless, which she claims in regard to her notorious speech to Methodists in Ohio. "The simple truth," she writes, "is that over my written protest I was urged by the Republican National Committee in two telegrams (which now repose in my files) to make that speech. The week before it was delivered, every word of it was carefully edited by James Francis Burke, a Catholic, and counsel of the Republican National Committee." Inferentially "the good of the party" was an end she placed above means which she herself questioned, and like a good politician she said what she was expected and urged to say. "Good sportsmanship dictated" that she should allow the Committee to stand from under while she bore the avalanche of recriminations rolled down on her by Democrats and Republicans alike. Decidedly Republican campaign leaders, who were so vociferous in denying their responsibility for Mrs. Willebrandt's statements at that unusually ticklish moment when she was making them, have, in the light of these very interesting current revelations of hers, a great amount of explaining to do. Mrs. Willebrandt as a writer is likely to create more consternation in Republican inner circles than she did as a speaker.

Is It Well with the Child?

IN THE current issue of America there is to be found as moving a sermon on the beauty and desperate helplessness of childhood as has ever been broadcast by a welfare league or sounded from a pulpit. It is not the less moving because it is guiltless of facile optimism and does not draw us on to an immediate confident solution; and not the less a sermon because it is cast in the form of something very different. It is written, in fact, as a scenario for the gentleman who collects the truth-is-stranger-than-fiction incidents for the New York Evening Post. The Reverend Leonard Feeney, S.J., recalls, for this gentleman's hypothetical benefit, a recent train journey between Albany and Boston, and the little boy he talked to en route—"Evans Ingram Towne, eleven years old, his travel money folded in his handkerchief, his ticket in his blouse pocket, and a nervous little grin on his face." The talk is simple and the facts it unearths are simple, too. Evans Ingram Towne is not at all an obvious candidate for pity. No children's judge would cite any deficiency in his environment. No protectory would dream of interfering in his case. He is well cared for by the stepmother he is on his way to join. He is quite sure that she "likes him well enough," but notices that she kisses him hurriedly, when at all, and that she never worries when he is sick. He has been taught that Christmas Day is important, but knows, of course, that it isn't as important as the Fourth of July. He has even heard about the Mother of God, but expresses the tentative conviction that "that's mostly confined to the larger cities." In fine, he has everything an eleven-year-old boy can want, except love and religion.

LOVE and religion—these are all that has been left out of the scheme of life of Evans Ingram Towne, and all the other children like him. So deeply does Father Feeney drive in this casually encountered little tragedy that we read the exquisite paragraph in which he tells the child something about God's love for him with almost a prayer of relief. Then it is time to get off the train, and that is all. Except, perhaps, the sad wonder in our own minds, renewed by the vividly familiar little figure Father Feeney has brought before us, as to what is to be done for those who are walled in by well-being from salvation. And except Father Feeney's final thought in the station: "Distances, distances were running through my mind. . . . From Albany to Boston. From Albany to London. From Albany to Paris. From Albany to Paradise. That's a long journey. Eleven years old. All alone. Without anybody with him. If he makes it, it will be a world's record. . . . I must write to Ripley. He'll see the point of it. He'll put it in one of his 'believe-it-or-not' cartoons. Picture of a little boy riding over the planets, riding over the stars, riding over the moon, with his money in his handkerchief, his ticket in his blouse pocket, and nobody with him."

How Many Sold?

THE world-wide success of Erich Remarque's war novel has naturally focused more attention upon current German literature. During recent years we have read the Manns and Feuchtwangers of the new Reich, conscious of the circumstance that here was writing by a group rather than writing done in the true spirit of Germany. Remarque is certainly the genuine article, and his novel is as sincerely an evocation of the Feldgrau point of view as Dorgeles's Croix de Bois was a four-square expression of the French mood in war. It is to be feared, however, that so good a book may lead to quite false impressions of recent Teutonic fiction. We notice an advertisement for an utterly mediocre book, recommended because "185,000 copies have been sold in Germany." Many people imagine that the fatherland is peopled by men and women of exceptional judgment and discriminating taste. As a matter of fact, the "great reading public" there is probably less judicious than our own. It pampers a group of writers who are both singularly vapid and grotesquely sentimental. Germany, land of poets and scholars, has been favored with only a few novelists of the first rank; and often their work, peculiarly lyrical in quality, has won no great salvos of applause. All this may usefully be borne in mind, lest we submissively accept from Berlin what we have already begun to discourage and discountenance among ourselves.

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THE physician who cannot heal himself, the lawyer who is sued for breach of promise, the pedagogue whose own olive-branches resist pruning, the engineer whose own cellar fills with water—these are the best parallels which mere reality yields to the writer of detective stories who, when actually put to it, cannot detect. And though each represents a peculiarly ironic defeat, none is a sufficiently ironic parallel. No man practising a profession is infallible, not even an engineer; and the margin of failure granted him in the nature of things may, if his star is baneful, cover his own case instead of the case of one of his clients. But infallible is precisely what Mr. S. S. Van Dine's great detective, Philo Vance, has always been. So recondite is his knowledge, so powerful his ratiocination, that he has reconstructed the most baffling crimes and out-thought the most gifted criminals to be found anywhere on paper in our time. It is unhappily likely, therefore, that Mr. Willard Huntington Wright is just now opening derisive letters from many who do not know him personally, and listening to jeers from many who do. Mr. Wright is, of course, the social and legal entity who encases Mr. S. S. Van Dine. And Mr. Wright has failed, in his capacity as Honorary Police Commissioner of Bradley Beach, to identify and trace the perpetrators of a quite ordinary murder in his territory. A bank messenger was shot, a payroll stolen, a car full of thugs seen escaping, a battered hat left behind. Meanwhile, Mr. Wright is "without a theory." Ah, well, when the tide of unkind comment widens to a sea, Mr. Wright can turn philosopher and say, "These, at least, are my public."

The Failure of Philo

ENDURANCE HEROES

PLENTY of broken records these days testify to the continued virility of the race. A few weeks ago almost every city in the country had its endurance plane in the air, and pilots who failed to stay up at least a week had no chance of mention in the newspapers. All these stunts are as much a test of human patience, fortitude and compatibility as they are of the strength of machines. Indeed we think it a good deal more remarkable that two men should have been willing to confine themselves within the cramped quarters of a plane for three weeks than that the plane should have been able to stay aloft that length of time. After all, machines are built without nerves and sensibilities. And it is always a new wonder to us when men give proof that in this respect they may be as good as machines over a long period.

Outside of this small excitement, endurance flights are a dreary and vain business. They get nowhere. They are not adventurous. They add nothing to our store of knowledge. For more than a year it has been known, through factory tests, that barring accidents and bad judgment on the part of the pilots, airplanes could remain aloft the better part of a month. Refueling in flight was the only problem. Six months ago the Question Mark demonstrated its solution. Since then we have learned nothing from an endurance flight. The pilots have simply been doing what everyone has known could be done. New endurance flights are like the six-day bicycle races, only, since they lack the stimulus of immediate competition, somewhat less thrilling. More directly they are comparable to the marathon dances which were receiving, only a few years back, quite as much publicity; which are characterized, similarly, by a great expenditure of effort, and no adventure, no accomplishment. If marathon dances were conducted between Quebec and Montreal, or up the slopes of the Matterhorn, we might all of us take an interest. The participants would be going somewhere, and the winners would get somewhere. For the space of a year or two we might even remember their names.

Kemp's nine-days' morris, now, has been held in affectionate memory by Englishmen for 300 years. From London to Bristol danced the Honorable Kemp. It was no great distance, perhaps; but it was a journey. It was an adventure. Kemp was going somewhere—that was the fundamental purpose without which the fact that he danced a morris would be of no point or interest. We have remembered him partly, it is true, because he wrote an entrancing account of the trip. But the point is that if he had danced on a ballroom floor he would have had no account to write. As it was, he could hang his story on the pleasures of the countryside, the conditions of the road, the customs of the villages through which he passed, the girls who came out from the fields to dance beside him for a mile or two, the landlords who entertained him at night, and the quality of the beef and ale that was everywhere set before him.

We cannot find the counterpart of Kemp in marathon dancers who shuffle fifty miles around a room, or endurance fliers who circle above a landing field until they have covered a distance equal to the circumference of the earth, and are very well paid for doing it. But we have had notice recently of adventurers who belong to an order much nobler than this, and even more firmly grounded in antiquity. There is Alain Gerbault, for instance, who quit his tennis to sail a thirty-five-ton boat around the world, and was five years at the job. Nor can we forget Franz Romer and Paul Müller, the two Germans who separately rowed across the Atlantic Ocean within the past year. After reaching the West Indies, Herr Romer ran into the winter's worst hurricane and was lost. Müller wrecked his boat on rocks off the Carolina coast, but saved himself by swimming seven miles to an island. These are heroes. They had no records to break, and no businesses to promote, nothing to gain and everything to lose. Their motives are a secret between themselves and their own souls.

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TARIFF WHILE THE SUN SHINES

By WILLIAM C. MURPHY, JR.

THE scene is a stately room in the white marble Senate Office Building at Washington, but the stateliness ends with the room itself. Sprawled in comfortable leather upholstered chairs arranged at intervals around a huge green-covered mahogany table are some fifteen or twenty of the nation's most distinguished political leaders. A few wear coats, more are in shirt sleeves with the sleeves rolled up. Their collars are in various stages of wilted defeat; ever and anon they mop their majestic brows with tired looking handkerchiefs.

At the far end of the table a man stands and talks. Perhaps he is talking about acetaldol, or lignum vitae, or rutabagas, or, perchance, locomotives or mouse traps. Although he is talking to the distinguished gentlemen grouped around the table, he is far from their consciousness; they gaze longingly out of the open window through which comes an infrequent breeze to whisper temptingly of well-kept fairways and manicured greens and limpid pools. The Committee on Finance of the United States Senate is considering a tariff bill.

For weeks, long, sultry, torrid weeks, they have been considering the bill and many more weeks stretch out before them with the end not in sight.

Witnesses come by the hundreds, from across the continent and from the great metropolitan centres of industry and commerce, seeking to impress the Committee with the justness of their demands. Each is granted a theoretical hearing; he speaks his piece, his words are taken down by the official stenographer, and he goes his way. Perhaps some member of the Committee has heard him and perhaps not. Really it makes very little difference, for every member of the Committee knows the substance of what every witness is going to say before the latter has opened his mouth.

If the witness is a consumer or an importer, he wants the tariff lowered on the articles in which he is interested; if he is a manufacturer or a producer of raw material, he wants the tariff increased. In every case the measure of the increase or decrease he wants is exactly all he can get. Perhaps it is needless to say that what he can get has no relation to any statements he may make during the public hearings. That will be determined later by the majority members of the Committee in secret sessions, and in cloak-room conferences where the ancient pastime of log-rolling comes to its finest flower. The public hearings are the thunder that accompanies the tariff lightning. There is no record that anyone was ever struck by thunder.

Nevertheless, the hearings go on. When the tariff bill was before the House Ways and Means Committee, the testimony of witnesses filled more than eleven thousand pages, printed "at a cost of not more than $.25 per printed page" at government expense. The Senate hearings bid fair to be equally voluminous.

From abaca, which is Manila hemp, the first commodity in alphabetical order, to zirconium, the last commodity listed, the Committee must sit and listen to witnesses. Occasionally, there is a bit of byplay to keep the senators awake; a Democratic member will seek to make a manufacturer admit that he is making enormous profits under the present tariff, and a Republican member will come to the rescue at once with leading questions designed to show that the witness is on the road to the poor house unless there shall be additional tariff protection.

Such is the view presented to the audience, but behind the scenes it is a different picture.

Never in the history of tariff-making has there been so much real uncertainty as to the final outcome. There are two important reasons for this uncertainty. In the first place, the Republican majority in the Senate is a very unstable thing. In the second place, that majority, such as it is, has been unable so far to make up its mind as to just what it wants to do.

It will be recalled that just before the Senate took its summer recess to give the Finance Committee time to whip the tariff bill into shape, Senator Borah of Idaho introduced a resolution to instruct the Committee to restrict its consideration of the bill to the agricultural and directly related schedules. The Borah resolution was rejected by a margin of only one vote, and it would have been adopted had not several Democratic senators joined with the Republicans against it. That one-vote margin has been the subject of prayerful consideration by the Republican leaders. They know that a margin so slender is no margin at all, for practical purposes. Also, they know that one of the Democratic votes which they received on that occasion was prompted by no more substantial reason than personal animosity toward the author of the resolution, and that this animosity will not be effective when the time comes to vote on the provisions of the bill itself.

But even with the handicap of an exceedingly small majority, the administration senators would be in a much happier frame of mind if they knew just what they want to do about the tariff. Unfortunately they do not know, and freely admit it. Probably they never will know unless President Hoover tells them.

When the President called Congress into special session, he said in his message that he favored a tariff revision restricted to the products of agriculture and a few other commodities with respect to which emergency conditions could be shown to exist. That seemed to be plain enough at the time. The confusion began, however, when the House of Representatives, which is absolutely controlled by the administration leaders,

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passed a bill including literally hundreds of changes—chiefly increases—in the tariff rates. It was estimated variously that the increases provided for by the House bill would raise the cost to the consumer by from $600,000,000 to $800,000,000 a year, and the cry went up that this was a general tariff revision. Then came the Borah attempt to restrict the scope of the Senate Committee's consideration, as previously related, and the defeat of that attempt by virtue of administration votes in the Senate. From that time on, the efforts of both Democratic and Republican senators to ascertain the President's attitude on the tariff have provided the most diverting summer entertainment in the national capital.

The Democrats, with that lack of reverence customary on the part of minorities when dealing with majorities, have sought to smoke the President out by making all manner of charges to the general effect that the House bill constitutes legalized extortion and highway robbery. So far the smoking-out process, designed to induce the President either to defend the bill or to disapprove of it, has been an entire failure.

But Republican senators have had no better luck. Senator Jones of Washington, assistant majority leader, went to the White House for a conference and came away under the impression that the President wanted a bill restricted to agricultural commodities and a very few other schedules. But when the Senator voiced that opinion publicly there was a prompt denial from the White House that the President had expressed any such views. Senator Watson of Indiana, the majority leader, and Senator Reed of Pennsylvania, had breakfast at the White House and returned to the Capitol to spread the news that the President wanted a "sane and sensible" tariff bill based on "the yardstick of adequate protection." Within less than two hours there was an inspired denial from the White House that the President had said anything about "yardsticks" or "adequate protection." To complete the performance, on the following day Senator Watson received a telephone call from the White House denying that the earlier denial had been issued.

The tariff bill has been a very fruitful source of official denials. Senator Borah was called to the State Department and told by Secretary Stimson that the administration was very much disturbed by representations made by the Canadian minister against the proposed duties on shingles, lumber and feeder cattle. When the story was printed Secretary Stimson issued a formal statement denying "unequivocally" that any protest had been received from Canada, and on the same day it was announced by the Canadian government at Ottawa that the attitude of Canada had been made very clear to the Washington administration through the Canadian minister there.

Out of it all comes the suggestion that perhaps the tariff, too, is a noble experiment which must be worked out constructively.

THE FIRESIDE SCHOOLMA'AM

By ELLA FRANCES LYNCH

"IF EACH of us would sweep the street in front of his own house, the whole street would be clean," says a Chinese proverb. This admonition out of the contemplative East will point the moral of the National League of Teacher-Mothers, which is fostering a world-wide movement to enlighten parents concerning their duty and privilege as the true educators of their children. This long-considered project has received fresh impetus from China's request for help in outlining a practical course of training for Chinese mothers in the home, and from Belgium's invitation to coöperate with her Ligue de l'Education Familiale in the instruction of parents everywhere for their mission as educators.

If the right training of children were generally understood and faithfully practised, our chief problems would be solved normally by the fostering in early childhood of the habits which constitute upright character. The reformation of human beings is a difficult, complicated, expensive and uncertain process, whereas the forming of characters during the plastic years is a simple process of wise parental guidance and control, as inexpensive as it is heart-satisfying, and as certain of success as any known undertaking. Among serious thinkers there is little divergence of opinion on this subject.

Without some reference to a crime problem, the magazine article of today presents an unfinished mien. We understand from the newspapers that there is such a problem and that our ablest criminologists and penologists are completely baffled by its solution. After an analysis of Chicago crime it is reported that eminent authorities have placed the blame for lawlessness on low mentality; furthermore, that the New York State Committee on Mental Hygiene asserts there are in New York City public schools 100,000 mentally deficient children, or one-tenth of the entire enrolment. The remedies proposed range from shoals of psychiatrists to funds from philanthropists, and from centralized bureaus to "properly sensitized" school superintendents. Many of the solutions appear to the unsensitized cynic quite as dynamic as the recent world-shaking discovery that left-handedness is related to the curve of a person's hair.

That one-tenth of our children are congenital mental defectives will not be granted by responsible students of human life. It is usual and convenient to speak of "mental defectives" as of poor human beings

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handicapped from birth by an organic deficiency of brains, but many authorities on the subject do not so regard them, declaring that very often mental deficiency is wholly due to parental neglect. Lack of development of the will and the emotions results in a lack of balance, in wrong-mindedness, that cannot be remedied by schooling, segregation, courts, clinics or other common reformative agencies. More than any or all other causes combined, the source of delinquency is parental negligence and incompetence. The only real and lasting solution is the discipline of religion, obedience and work, through which is formed a character sturdy to resist temptation.

The National League of Teacher-Mothers was not invented primarily to check a crime wave, but to attune the mind and heart of childhood to joyous learning and more abundant life. Twenty years ago the percentage of school failures was more spectacular than since our adjustment of the system to the gait of the unwilling, the unprepared and the unbalanced, so that the writer, who had had little contact with schooling and a great deal with books, was appalled and mystified by the repellent armor which learning seemed to wear for many pupils. When questioned as to the cause, college heads faulted the high school for the lack of application and puerility of attainment in its graduates; high school teachers declared it impossible to pour high school subjects into minds that had not opened to grammar school instruction; while every grade teacher blamed her failures on the rank below.

Then I opened a school of individual instruction and continued the effort to find out why bright children so often fail. I soon learned that trying to instruct the children of delinquent parents is not unlike the housewife's effort to knead into a batch of resisting dough the yeast she neglected to incorporate at the beginning. One generalization I shall venture to make: The smallest percentage of school failures comes from old-fashioned homes where old-fashioned discipline and training prevail. Successful pupils have had their minds formed for learning before being sent to school.

The next step was to broadcast a request to parents to educate their children at home, supplementing it with a highly injudicious invitation to them to write to me for help. The volume of appeals for advice was convincing refutation of the slur that parents do not want to educate their children; that they only want to palm them off on the school. Many letters were from parents who thought they could buy a patent process—"send me full instructions by return mail for educating my child at home"—while others appended "without cost or obligation to me." Others needed only a teacher's word to reassure them, and proceeded to educate their children in a manner entirely satisfying to local school heads even long after the age of school compulsion.

The results of this experiment in training parents by correspondence may be summed up briefly: Of 75,000 children educated by their parents before being sent to school, none has been labeled a school failure; none has gone down before the crime wave.

Though the best minds are studying the industrial, commercial, maritime and financial betterment of the country, the future of America will be what the parents of today make it. As the family is the real social unit, acting on the formation of individual character more than all other influences combined, it is evident that the general well-being depends principally on perfecting that unit. In fulfilling their mission as educators, parents are not encroaching upon the territory of either church or school or state; they are merely fulfilling the rôle of the most ancient of social institutions: the family.

Our aim, then, is to surround the earth with learning by way of the homes. The experimental stage has been passed without a single casualty. For thirty years the Belgian Ligue has functioned successfully, and now places itself at the disposal of all for information and material. The National League of Teacher-Mothers has been in active correspondence with parents for more than fifteen years, helping to educate children from infancy to adolescence. The combined experience of forty-five years in this rich field, supplemented by wisdom gleaned from both the living and the deathless, should be made available to all parents.

Rather than create new organizations it is proposed to coöperate with existing groups that can undertake systematic work. We hope to have the coöperation of the churches, the Mothers' Union of Great Britain, the United Irishwomen, and so on. Individuals may benefit by the plan without joining any group. The work is essentially preventive, and it addresses itself to private initiative.

The financial outlay should be comparatively modest. Our League has never countenanced the purchase of special equipment or devices or sets of books for the home school, but has sought to develop the seeing eye, the constructive imagination, which finds informative material in natural surroundings and everyday objects. The work is non-sectarian, sponsored by a committee representing various countries as well as the great religious faiths. Details are a matter of individual election. Only in the really few essentials of our great objective need we be in full agreement.

Destiny

One shall be taken and another left—
The stacked sheaves wait in wonder;
Even a little of that hope had cleft
My heart, I think, asunder.

Here in an August calm of sun they see
The end that shaped the sowing—
Which shall be bread and which of all shall be
His Flesh, there is no knowing.

CHARLES L. O'DONNELL.

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MR. BARING'S NOVELS

By C. C. MARTINDALE

The novels of Maurice Baring, having tripped gingerly before the public during many seasons, now make their first full-grown bow before a critic. To many who know Father Martindale chiefly as a writer on religious topics, the following paper will likewise introduce that penetrating analysis of literary personalities and works which he has often exemplified. Mr. Baring, we are told, is neither a philosopher nor a propagandist; "he has a vision and he writes." He does not claim, however, to know all that goes on inside his characters but gives the reader individually opportunity to study them.—The Editors.

IT SEEMS a pity that Mr. Baring's work is better appreciated in France than in England. Perhaps it is not surprising. When I first read anything of his, I remember saying: This might almost be French, so lucid and economical is it; and there is another quality about it—perhaps it is Russian. Because I just knew that Mr. Baring had something to do with Russia.

I first found him "come alive" in one of his Diminutive Dramas acted by the O.U.D.S. at Oxford. It was about Clytemnestra and Iphigenia, and I felt as though the author, even while making me laugh so much, was looking sideways to see whether I agreed that under the absurdity of the twist given to the tale, and its affectation of modernity, the immemorial horror of things maintained itself. "Mors immortalis," whatever one might do about it. I don't know whether I did see that at first. I thought: This isn't the ordinary way of modernizing these old tales. Plenty of people have made ancient stories seem funny by using modern talk: this is modern, and yet it would almost go straight back into Greek. Greeks could have said nearly all of this and even have thought it. Again I imagined that this might be due to its Frenchness, which eliminated, which gave clean edges, which was (in short) so very Greek already.

Then Mr. Baring did me the honor of sending me the proofs of Passing By, and even of discussing the story with me before it appeared. I was completely intoxicated by the story, and by the method. Here was an Irish-Canadian woman, profound and hidden soul; here were a frivolous young diplomat and a youth whom I took to be stupider than he really was—I should have known that anyone so possessed by music could not be really stupid. The diplomat wrote letters to his cousin; the musician wrote a diary for himself. (He was very bad at expressing himself to anyone else.) Across two twisted lenses you had to contemplate the woman, and detect her mind, her motives, her resistances, her swervings, not only when those two onlookers did not understand what they observed, but even when she did not understand what she experienced. If, as a French writer, M. J. Mainsard, remarks, each individual is not only woven interiorly of an indiscernible multitude of strands, but interwoven with the infinitely complex universe, not even an author, I suppose, need claim to know all that goes on inside the personages he creates, but has the perfect right to study them in the reactions they occasion round about themselves. Mr. Baring gives himself and us every chance of doing so. Perhaps he is gregarious by nature: anyhow, as he writes, people flock round him; they flit in and out; they shine clear as a sunlit ripple; they are eclipsed, and reappear, and are different since each hour changes them, and yet are still themselves. Mr. Baring is interested in all of them, and likes something in each of them, and scatters his pages with the details that concern them—tiny sentences, seemingly disconnected, seemingly pointless, yet building up the firm impression of *those* lives; and so he is not really a spendthrift in words, but still "economical."

The method was continued in The Triangle, a book that seemed to me quite devoid of the charm of Passing By: and was produced to the nth, some would say—others, reduced to its absurdum—in Overlooked. The leading "witness" is actually blind; others (you feel) are bound to twist the facts that they observe into what cannot possibly be fact. Hence I finished the book not feeling in the least sure what had really happened, and not even sure Mr. Baring knew for certain! In Daphne Adeane the system returns: it is a dead woman who sways destinies, though as to what she was, or even did, you are left guessing.

You are left worried by a sense of paradox—you have been plunged into what is most certainly real life, and yet you feel yourself intolerably separated from it. You feel that you are watching a world divided from you by a screen of perfectly clear ice; no flecks or flaws interfere with what you see—you cannot, in fact, see the screen itself at all. But the screen is there, and is very hard—impermeable, in fact, as the inmost soul of the individual always is; and, what is more, a cold screen, because Mr. Baring never commits himself, as he writes, to passionate emotions, and makes not the slightest effort to evoke them in his reader. And if you try to break through the screen, you only make stars of splintered ice upon it, and see far less than before.

I have often reread Passing By, but I am sure I shall never reread those other two books, though I hope I shall R.F.C., H.Q., where the touch is light as ever but descends no less unerringly on what is more objective; and also, The Puppet Show of Memory, though the name makes me anxious. I see in it a suggestion that the author himself is dissociated from his memories—he looks at them, but is not they. This is what he had been tempting me to feel that *I* was,

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when I read those earlier books—screened off by ice; whereas I would have liked to get a little closer, but above all wanted to be sure that Mr. Baring was quite close, and not even feeling *as if* his living humans were, or survived as, marionettes. Then he published C.

C. did not get that enthusiastic "press" that I had hoped for it—I think, because people did not much like C. himself. They thought him weak, his own worst enemy, and so forth. No doubt he was; men often are. Even if it had been his fault, I still would have felt that his tragedy got its claws well into my soul, and would have bled for him long before he himself knew that his life was bleeding away. Moreover, it was not so much his fault as that of his appalling family, who kept shoving the lad back into his rut whenever he struggled to get out of it. Probably he was not meant, at first, for a road at all. He might have done well to strike across country altogether. Then he would have found his path and reached his goal. I confess that nothing that was said against C. came near to what critics said about Christopher Trevenen in The Coat without Seam, nor what I, at times, felt inclined to say about Blanche Clifford in Cat's Cradle.

The disheartening element in Maurice Baring's books seems often to me to be the unnecessary instability of his personages. They fall in and out of love so often and so rapidly. Blanche settled down into regarding herself as a fatal woman; whereas I hold that she could perfectly well have stopped from falling in love with her half the callow youths who did so. She professed not to want them to fall in love. No doubt, in one part of herself, she did not. Perhaps when she was—surely?—fifty, she still had not really fallen in love herself, so she could not resist allowing two young men to fall in love with her during a house party. I felt so glad I was not the priest to whom (again if I remember rightly) she said, almost immediately after his arrival, that she wanted to tell him the story of her life. I should like to suppose that decent folks, when they see they are likely to become disloyal, feel shocked at themselves, pull themselves together, and tell themselves to stop it.

Indeed, the last impression but one which Mr. Baring imposes upon one is, this inevitability. The thing could not have happened otherwise. Here you pass behind your French impression, and find that Mr. Baring is very Greek. Not with a Euripidean Greekness, though sometimes with even that. (I mean, Euripides saw savage goddesses—Aphrodite—or impressive goddesses—Artemis—fighting a horrid battle for a lad's life; and he angrily, bitterly, or at his worst, just irritably, or again cynically, related the spoiling of a lovely thing.) Rather with a Sophoclean Greekness, since Sophocles watched laws moving about in a crystalline air very much at man's expense, yet cut across, at times, by the unpredictable behavior of passion. "Passion, unbeaten in thy battles—passion, that on to men's possessions swoopest—that in a maid's soft cheeks dreamest thy dream. . . ." Eyes of an indolent hawk—a thing of soft sleep, and then, suddenly, claws and blood. What the wretched human creature thinks is his, suddenly is torn from him. Looking down on Mr. Baring's sparklingly rippling sea, you observe that there are currents, that they swiftly or imperceptibly swerve and sweep to this side or to that; and you ask whether really anyone can help anything—whether anything anywhere is anyone's fault. Who is the Ultimate? Zeus, or the blind Fate behind Zeus in all his forms? Are we toppled back into some Hardyism—I had almost said, some Homerism? At the outset of C.'s life, a fog-horn had wailed lamentably through the mists. It served no purpose. Was C., then, doomed ever to have a guidance offered to him, and ever to be unable to have any profit from its voice? No doubt, in Tinker's Leave, that begins so hilariously, you find the same human helplessness in the presence of vast forces, despite all warnings of common sense, of sagacity or of the spirit.

Anyone who knows Mr. Baring knows also that he could not and does not succumb to a philosophy of life which is, in the long run, mechanical. He reveals his own philosophy more fully than usual in his latest book: The Coat without Seam. I was privileged to watch its gradual genesis. I hope I am betraying no confidence if I say that it was foreseen frankly as a drama, composed of episodes in each of which the Seamless Coat was perceived accomplishing one of its subtle miracles across the ages. I felt: But it must be much more than that! I want the Coat not to be merely a thing among things—one object working miracles (however spiritual) amid a crowd of imperceptive people, Romans, Byzantines, Hungarians, English- and Frenchmen. I want the whole texture of the play to *be* the Coat—I want the Coat to be each man, and to be the world, and I want all that is, God and man, to vibrate with intertwined activity. And I want the Coat to be persistently unrecognized and indeed apparently torn into shreds, and yet triumphantly to remain its perfect self, seamless ever. And, said I, all this has to be done without taint of pantheism, and without daubing the poor Coat with smears of "literary style." It was not even to be patched. . . . In fact, the author must be as sure as ever that the life of things needs only to be presented, not "made up."

The book has not turned out quite like that—or rather it has, but you have to keep your eyes doubly wide open. For not only does Mr. Baring refrain from giving you any clear statement of his meaning; the pervasive activity of the Coat is rigorously disguised by a system of making the Coat turn up at intervals in the shape of legends quoted from old books, which creates an impression of detachment, of insertion into something else, like a tooth in a jaw. There is a connection; but it is, apparently, between accidental and disparate things. The story is that of a young man whose boyhood was spent near a French

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village in whose parish church a relic existed which might or might not be the Seamless Coat. He was brought up a Catholic, but it did not seem to "bite," and at a given moment his faith vanished "like a puff of smoke." Being, like most of the author's young men, a rather unsatisfactory young man—very perverse, very obstinate, much swayed by events and emotions and inevitabilities—he certainly tears and retears his life into shreds. But (by way of those old books) the notion of the Seamless Coat keeps cropping up, though each time it does so, things seem to get worse.

Finally there comes the great war. Christopher lies mortally wounded in the French village of his boyhood, and in fact is put in the church where the Coat is. But a French peasant had stolen the Coat to signal to the Germans with; he was caught by other peasants, set upon, mauled and wounded mortally. He was placed next to Christopher and the curé came to them both. The Frenchman kept swearing that he had neither stolen the Coat, nor used it for signaling. He begged to have his wounds bandaged, for he was rapidly bleeding to death. But such was the crisis that every available piece of material had been used up—no lint; not a bandage. The curé, with superb and terrifying audacity, tore the relic into strips and with it staunced the flowing blood. At once the divine miracle took place: the man was changed; he confessed, was absolved, died having reknitted his life with truth and with reality. But the miracle was infectious. Christopher, lying hard by, saw like a drowning man the events and also the texture of a whole life—yet not primarily his life, but the Coat's life, as those legends, unforgotten, had woven it for him. The sordid, the pitiful, the tragic and tremendous, the chivalrous, the cruel and the tender revealed themselves as a unity, a design, a seamless continuity. And forthwith his own life fell into place: his restless journeyings; his perverse refusals; the plaintive comedies or the huge desperations of his loves, and his inabilities to believe or hope. He called the curé and made his confession. The ambulance arrived; but it had no need to take him home, for he had died and was there already.

To such a book I am unwilling to succumb, partly through spiritual shyness, and also because my "first mind" is materialistic. I thought: Why didn't the curé use an altar cloth? Answer, they had been shifted out of the church: there was no time to get one: they had all been used already. I did not even mention this idea. "But," said I, "so ancient a piece of stuff would simply have crumbled: you could not have signaled with it." "What about mummy-cloth?" said Mr. Baring (we were in a restaurant). "It is older far; and very tough often. You need scissors to cut it. It tears less easily than this napkin." He showed that the napkin tore easily, and the lips of the waiter drooped. . . . I urged that anyway there was now no more Coat, but that there still were people who needed it. He said that it had done its job. Then I remembered that there are, thank heaven, rival relics. Other claimants existed. Perhaps the real Coat still was somewhere and had not minded that the French one should have deputized for it. "There will always be *a* Coat," agreed he, "till the end of the world."

So I gave in, realizing that the Coat had knitted lives together, and into a seamless harmony with God. And that it had done so at its own expense. It was torn into shreds. It had become pads for blood, for traitor's blood indeed; the delicate filaments had congealed into hard lumps that would be thrown away or buried with the corpse they stuck to. So much for them. So much for the corpse. A good riddance.

Far from me to make Mr. Baring out to be a schematic philosopher, or a propagandist theologian. He has his vision, and he writes. He writes with a singular lack of arrière pensée. Yet ridiculous people imagine that it is an artist's business so totally to lack a "mind" about anything whatsoever that you ought not to guess whether he is glad or sorry about what happens in his book or drama, or thinks it right or wrong, or inevitable or free at any point. So people claim that Shakespeare wrote. But the artist would be the first to say, or at least to hope, that his vision existed better in his mind than on paper or on canvas. So an eye is filmed that can see no further than the "work of art." A critic is a limited technician who merely looks at the statue, reads the book, goes to the play. If he really wants to know it, he must go through it to its creator. And he must discover what that poor man had in his heart and mind and felt he must externalize, and how his soul bled over the sight of what he had actually performed. God help the artist who is pleased with his performance! The exterior thing *is* a work of art if, says Aquinas, it provides an "eradiation of the Form." Almost in spite of the statue, the book, the play, you have to reach the reality that gives it a true unity and force.

I derive, then, an Aristotelian "amusement" from these books. They rest my mind in many ways, especially by encouraging it when the heavy appearance of Fate looms over it. I see the inevitability of a machine: but then I am not tempted to think I am a machine. I see, and am appalled by, the logical, Karma-like interconnection of my acts of will—I feel as though *I could not help choosing freely* what I actually do choose next. The only continuity in my treatment of my coat seems to be, moreover, that I tear it progressively into shreds. Then I see that there are two ways of tearing it into shreds, and that one of them somehow precedes and is necessary for the interweaving of it, and of myself, with what is better than a coat. For what is a coat? Not even living skin. Not I at all. Even the doctor has to cure his patient at his own enormous cost—else, I doubt whether he really cures him at all. The arms dislocated on the cross embrace the world; the wood reaches to the root of things; and the bowed head is in heaven.

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ESTEVAN—EARLY AMERICAN NEGRO

By ELIZABETH DICKENS

ON A spring evening in 1539 the sunset at Hawaikúh, one of the Seven Cities of Cíbola, was darkened by a black shadow. The Negro Estevan, who had been the companion of Cabeza de Vaca on his eight years' trek through the Southwest, and who was now pathfinder for Coronado, appeared before the ancestors of the Zuñi Indians. This bearded black man who had been slave and explorer, barbarian and god, was tricked out in all the gaudy furbelows of the southwestern medicine man. Plumes and bells flapped and jangled about his feet and arms and he brandished a gourd rattle, an article to which the pueblo Indians attached a mysterious significance.

Estevan told the Zuñi ancients of a white man who followed him and of a Lord Who knew about things in the sky; but he was not very welcome at Hawaikúh. The ancients did not think that his logic was very good. Why, they reasoned, should a black man be sent to tell of a white man and a white man's God? The ancients did away with Estevan and through the centuries his story has lived in the traditions of the Zuñis as well as in the narratives of the early Spanish explorers.

If only as a proud example of race vitality, Estevan should interest the modern Negro. For of the 300 men of the Narváez expedition who started inland from Tampa Bay in 1528, four were in the party which reached Mexico eight years later. One of these four was Estevan, or Estévanico, a blackamoor of Azamor, Morocco. Of the others, one was Estevan's master, Andrés Dorantes, and the other two were Alvar Nuñez Cabeza de Vaca and Alonzo del Castillo Maldonado.

After his party had marched inland from Tampa Bay to Apalachee Bay, Don Pánfilo de Narváez, who had authorization from his king to conquer the country from the Rio de las Palmas to the Cape of Florida, became hopeless of rejoining the ships of his expedition and he set his crew to building crafts for their escape. It was their hope to sail along the gulf and reach the Spanish settlements in Mexico, but all five of the rude boats they made were shipwrecked far from their goal.

The boat in which Estevan was, with his master Dorantes, was capsized near an island, probably along the coast of either Louisiana or Texas. The crew escaped to the island—they christened it Malhado, the Island of Misfortune—where they soon encountered the party, of which De Vaca was the leader, from a second shipwrecked vessel. The fare of the Indians on this island, roots for the most part, unless fish or oysters were to be had, did not sit well on the Spanish stomachs. The refugees had scanty protection from the elements and a storm-tossed, thirsty voyage had left them in no condition to withstand further hardship. It was not long until eighty Spaniards were reduced by privation and illness to fifteen.

It was on Malhado that the shipwrecked wanderers got their start as medicine men. According to De Vaca's Relacion, the Spaniards started this practice against their will, protesting that they had no power to heal; but the Indians withheld food from them and forced them to agree to try. The method of healing, as De Vaca relates it, was "to make over them the sign of the cross while breathing on them, recite a Pater Noster and Ave Maria, and pray to God Our Lord, as best we could, to give them good health and inspire them to do us some good favors."

A gift which may have had much to do with Estevan's death at Hawaikúh was the result of the medicine man practice which the De Vaca party undertook. Somewhere along the route they followed, Indian medicine men presented the group with two of the gourd rattles which the Indians set great store by and which their native medicine men often used. Very probably it was because Estevan became so impressed with the prestige of the gourd rattle at this time that he carried one of them with him to the Cíbola city.

It has been given to few Negroes to serve in fellow-slavery with their erstwhile masters, but that was the situation in which Estevan found himself for many years. However, in 1534 Estevan and Dorantes finally escaped from the Indians to whom they were slaves and with De Vaca and Castillo started westward toward the Spanish settlements.

It was on the first lap of the westward journey that the party saw distant smoke and caught a glimpse of a fleeing redskin. They dispatched Estevan to overtake the Indian, the reception seeming uncertain, and instructed him to ask the Indian to conduct the party to the people who were making the smoke. Estevan was successful on this, his first diplomatic mission, and the Indians, the Avavares, made the wanderers welcome.

After De Vaca's party reached the Rio Grande, Estevan seems to have acted as both organizer and advance agent, helping arrange for the group to be guided from one settlement to the next and sometimes going on ahead with one of the Spaniards to pave the way for the arrival of the remainder of the party. The Negro must have had a flair for organization and a persuasive tongue, for on one occasion he took the whole village out to meet his companions and the gifts included such substantial presents as blankets of cowhide as well as the beans and pumpkins on which the villagers subsisted.

And so they trekked for long years. Just where they went no one seems quite sure, for De Vaca's ori-

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entations were of the vaguest. Perhaps if Estevan, the pathfinder, had written the Relacion instead of De Vaca, we might be more certain. That the party was in what is now Texas is certain at least, and some historians believe that De Vaca, Estevan and their companions were in New Mexico. The vastness of the southwestern United States makes one readily forgive De Vaca for his ambiguity, makes one marvel that he ever found his way to New Spain.

With the return of De Vaca to New Spain, one phase of Estevan's career as explorer was definitely over. When he set out again into the wilderness north of New Spain, on the trail that ended for him so abruptly at Hawaikúh, Estevan was still in slavery, not to Dorantes, but to the viceroy of New Spain, Antonio de Mendoza. But though still a slave, Estevan had the advantage over the friars he accompanied in that he was no stranger to the country into which they traveled and he had a prestige that the holy men lacked among the Indians who knew him as a medicine man.

It was the expedition of Friar Marcos de Niza, sponsored by the viceroy of New Spain and guided by Estevan, which resulted in the later and better-known expedition of Coronado. In Casteñeda's account of the preliminary expedition of Friar Marcos, this early historian intimates that Estevan's presence as guide proved embarrassing on more scores than one. Friar Marcos's report gives no such intimation, but one can readily see why he might have preferred to have the matter die into historical silence. It must have been disconcerting to a man who had taken holy orders to have his slave guide hailed as the miracle man of the party.

It was at a town probably slightly south of the Sonora valley that Friar Marcos stopped and sent Estevan ahead. (The other white man, also a churchman, who started out with the friar became ill and was left at a settlement.) Before Estevan left Friar Marcos, the monk instructed him in the code in which he was to send back estimates of the importance of the country through which he passed. It was a code in the tradition of the Church. Estevan was to send back by messenger a cross, the size of which would indicate the importance of the territory he was exploring.

Estevan sent back a cross as tall as the Indian who staggered under its burden. Even under the urgency of this message, the friar did not immediately set out to join him, but awaited the return of messengers he had dispatched to the coast. He never overtook Estevan. Ahead of him the black man was flying from village to village and leaving each village with a few less turquoises and a few less Indians than it had had theretofore. When Friar Marcos reached the continental divide he was met by an Indian bearing the news of Estevan's imprisonment at Hawaikúh.

Finally persuading the terrified Indians to accompany him a little further, to a point where he could overlook the city where Estevan had been taken, Friar Marcos erected there a little pile of stones. He set up a cross and appropriated the country for God and Spain, christening it the Kingdom of Saint Francis as a compliment to his religious order. Then, as the Friar so naively put it, with "more fright than food" he hurried back to Nueva España where his tales were to inspire the expedition of Coronado.

A maze of stories exists about the end which Estevan found awaiting him at Cíbila. The general consensus of opinion seems to be that he sent ahead by messenger his magic gourd, which is described as being decorated with two bells and feathers, one white and one red. The gourd was presented to the chief of Cíbola in the manner which had been the custom of the De Vaca party. The chief sent back messengers to demand of Estevan that he return at once, for if he continued his party would have no further chance to return alive. But, imperturbable, Estevan went on.

The chief of Cíbola lodged Estevan outside the pueblo's limits and took away all his belongings, all his turquoises and feathers and bells, and refused him and his party food or water. The next morning some of the Zuñi ancients took Estevan and his Indians out of their lodging and, their attempt to flee being defeated, they were killed. Only the Indians who brought the word back to Friar Marcos escaped.

Such is the general substance of the historians' conclusions about the end of Estevan. There are minor differences. Casteñeda, who visited Cíbola the next year, says that the Negro was kept prisoner three days under a severe strain of questioning before he was killed. There is one story which says that his body was cut into pieces and given the chiefs to satisfy them that the Negro really was dead, but I hope that story is not true. I much prefer the end ascribed to him by an old Zuñi tradition which has it that the chiefs took Estevan out into the starlit blackness of a New Mexican night and "gave him a powerful kick that sped him through the air back to the south whence he had come."

For a Flower Garden

Lord, Who loved the fields and growing things,
  Who from the flowers drew
Lessons that all the centuries
  Have learned were true,

Give to this little garden plot
  The blessings of the sun,
Sweet dews and gentle winds and peace
  When day is done;

So may it be through summer days
  And golden hours thereof
A symbol by the roads of men
  Of joy and love!

ARTHUR WALLACE PEACH.

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COMMUNICATIONS

REVAMPING STENDHAL

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—In reply to E. K. Brown on Paul Hazard's Stendhal. I was aware of Hazard's respected position, largely through his lecturing activities. Nevertheless, I do not want to pretend to any great knowledge of the man. However, with all respect for scholarship, I think Mr. Brown's criticisms are quite beside the point, and prove nothing beyond a difference in taste. I do think the Hazard biography of Stendhal was "easy," and in that I am not alone. Joseph Wood Krutch, who is, I presume, far more of a scholar than I shall ever be, was so impressed with the facile aspect of the work that he found it good subway reading. It is "deft"—that is no particular damnation until explanation is offered as to how the deftness is employed. And it is undeniably "flippant"; Hazard condescends to his subject on virtually every page—all of which comes within the scope of a discriminating definition of flippancy.

As for the title, Revamping Stendhal, it was germane to the review—which was intended to bring out the need for a biography of Stendhal which would not abdicate before the problem.

If Mr. Brown will read the Hazard Stendhal in parallel with the Pierre-Quint biography of Proust, in which a man of letters is treated full-cycle, he will get an inkling of what I meant by calling the book in question "easy, deft and flippant." I agree with Mr. Brown that Hazard is supple; but a man can be so supple as to dodge issues. There is an undeniable lack of "spiritual dynamism" or "vitality"—call it what you will—in Stendhal's fiction, but Hazard hardly posed that paramount consideration. And in a work on Stendhal—who, after all, is only remembered for his novels—I think that this central lack should be given more than cursory treatment. It makes all the difference between a Tolstoy and a Stendhal—which is all the difference between greatness, in my estimation, and mere technical resource. A good biographical study of Stendhal would relate this lack to the life of the subject. Perhaps Mr. Brown thinks Hazard has adumbrated this in his treatment of Stendhal, the man. If so, I disagree. All that the biography made plain to me was that Hazard had a comic character in hand whose antics possessed amusing, and marketable, quality. As I indicated in the review, I got less of Stendhal from the biography than I get from a reading of Lytton Strachey on the man plus a reading of Stendhal's own works. Can this be success, even when it is done by a man who is, no doubt indisputably, a scholar?

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN.

FRANKNESS IN THE FORUM

Chicago, Ill.

TO the Editor:—I was glad to get your editorial reaction to my article in the July Forum. I must confess, however, that I am disappointed at your evident misapprehension of my attitude and purpose. You assume, quite wilfully, apparently, that I am a Protestant zealot intent, through ignorance and misstatement, on stirring up bad feeling between Protestants and Catholics. As a matter of fact I tried to assume a detached position and to portray therefrom the attitude of Protestants at large—the common or garden variety of Protestants, so to speak—and to give the reasons which to Protestants in general justify their attitude. I tried to make my attitude of personal detachment and impartiality so clear that it could not be misunderstood, and I should be willing to leave it to a jury of fair-minded Catholics to say whether I succeeded in my purpose. You are not justified in saying that the "doubts and fears" which I attribute to the rank and file of Protestants, are the "doubts and fears of Mr. Orebaugh."

In religious affiliation I am a Unitarian, and if you know anything about Unitarians you know that one of their cardinal principles is tolerance toward all other churches and creeds. In the Third Unitarian Church of Chicago, of whose board of trustees I am president, we have heretofore procured prominent Catholic laymen to address us on subjects of mutual interest. I have yet to see an instance of a Protestant being permitted to address a Catholic congregation.

I am intrigued by your remarks on "frankness." If your conception of frankness is to select from an article, for purposes of criticism, a single minor statement made en passant, while ignoring the really important allegations, then your standards of criticism are not mine. I am sure I should underestimate the intelligence of my readers if I thought they would understand me to say from the statement you criticize, that individual Catholics must actually take an oath of fealty to the Vatican State.

I fear that I am not on the mailing list of the Foreign Policy Association which you mention in the closing paragraph of your editorial. I should be very glad to have a copy of its forthcoming report on the Roman question.

DAVID A. OREBAUGH.

THE FIRST DECLARATION

Baltimore, Md.

TO the Editor:—Mr. Malone's article, The First Declaration, is interesting reading and presents facts that should be far more widely known. There is a great deal of history still to be dug out in Maryland, and in no place more than in old Harford which provided, one might say, inspiration for the state and the nation.

The Declaration and the marker along the old Philadelphia road between Bush and Abingdon have long been known to me, and the recollection of the dedication on a scorching Fourth of July some thirty or more years ago is still keen. As a small boy I spent that sizzling day back of a woodshed at Harford Furnace some two and a half miles off, making the hours hideous with toy cannon and a host of firecrackers.

Some day a fitting monument may replace the modest granite stone, topped with its plain bronze tablet, that fixes the site of the Old Court House where Marylanders first of all Americans formally cast off allegiance to a tyrant British king. For years neglected and ignored, it was inside a fence line, hidden from the passersby by hedge-rows and brush, but it has recently, I believe, been brought to view. Near by were the old taverns at Bush and Abingdon that sheltered travelers en route to Philadelphia, and once a cousin found under a huge sycamore at Bush almost a handful of corroded French pennies, down under the surface of the soil.

At Belcamp, a station of the Baltimore and Ohio along Bush River, is a fine old colonial mansion with secret stairways through the massive walls. Built of crown impressed

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brick, it is known as Sophia's Dairy after the wife of Aquila Hall, one of the signers of that First Declaration. The bricks were brought on sailing ships to the public landing, three miles above Old Baltimore, which is now part of the Aberdeen proving grounds, an army post in the Third Corps Area. Much of this Harford County country is well described in The Chesapeake Country, by Swepson Earle. Those who care to follow out Mr. Malone's paper will find a great deal of interest in those pages.

MARK O. SHRIVER.

CHINA'S STUDENTS RETURN

Watertown, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—I am here writing to commend Bishop James E. Walsh on his article in The Commonweal for June 19, China's Students Return. Indeed, I consider his suggestion quite a remarkable solution toward such a phase of Chinese uplift. Catholic Americans, I fear, do not appreciate just what service they can be to God and the Chinese.

In a college that I attended there were several Chinese students who resided at the college Y. M. C. A., where I myself lived. I noted that these boys appeared lonesome, much as Bishop Walsh mentioned. At this college there was a Catholic Club, similar to the Newman Clubs. At a meeting one Sunday afternoon, after much discussion, it was voted to exclude from this Catholic Club those of the Chinese boys who were Catholics, chiefly because the members' womenfolk would not be likely to care to rub elbows with the Chinese at the Club dances. In this case, a solution like Bishop Walsh's would likely help in a social difficulty.

However, I have since considered this action of the club as not only defeating the purpose of the college but of the Faith as well. I, however, was of the opinion that the better element of this Catholic Club favored admitting the Chinese students —a very refined few. Again I have since regretted that I never got on my feet at that meeting to tell the members that I thought it should fill us with pride to be able to help our missionaries in China by showing brotherly love to Chinese laymen in this country, and possibly ones who will be great future leaders of China.

W. V. DELANEY.

IN SAECULA SAECULORUM

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—Nearly sixty years ago, almost on the threshold of the Vatican Council, Bishop Ullathorne of Birmingham wrote to Bishop Brown of Newport:

"I want to see a good chapter drawn up in the Council on the status, sanctity, and obligations of the pastoral clergy, and some such word as 'pastoral' consecrated to their designation, that we may not always be tied to that detestable word 'secular' to mark them off. Everyone to whom I have spoken, the archbishop (Manning of Westminster) and Reisach (Cardinal of the Propaganda) included, all think this of the utmost importance for the future well-being of them who have the real responsibility of souls."

When we remember that Ullathorne was a Benedictine monk, who always remained a monk in spite of his mitre, his words are a real appraisal of the diocesan priesthood—"Our Lord's own order," as he called it. And it is to be regretted, that after all those years, the "detestable word" remains, and holds its odium. Why do we say "secular priest" today?

REV. PETER MORAN.

BOOKS

The Worker's Soliloquy

Labor Speaks for Itself, by Jerome Davis. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.00.

THIS is a symposium of labor leaders, throughout the world, collected and edited by Dr. Jerome Davis of Yale University, on the subject of labor and religion. What labor thinks of the church is the central theme contributed to by such American labor leaders as William Green, Daniel Tobin, James Maurer, Andrew Furuseth, James Noonan, Thomas McMahon, and by Arthur Henderson and others of England; by James Woodsworth and James Simpson of Canada; and by leaders of nine other countries. A reprint of an address by Lenin just before his death, and statements by Trotzky and other Russian Communist leaders are included. The contributions range all the way from avowed atheists to orthodox Christians.

Naturally, from such diversified sources, a wide diversity of opinion is assembled. There are outright condemnations of the church as the foe of labor; there are attempts to differentiate between the church and religion, and to condemn what are called aberrations from true religion; there are friendly critics of the attitude of the church on labor problems; and there are supporters of the church as a friend of labor.

It will be observed upon analysis that those who are members of some church are defenders of the church in its attitude on labor, while those who have no church and scout the value of religion see all kinds of machinations on the part of the church toward the weaker classes. How far the writers speak for labor is a question unanswered. No one can know. Probably laboring men hold the same sentiments toward the church and religion as any other group, ranging all the way from skepticism to full faith. Labor is not a group apart looking at the church; it is an integral part of society, partly of church members and partly not.

The most oft-repeated criticism in the book of the attitude of the church toward labor is that the struggle for industrial rights does not receive the active aid from the clergy that any struggle for human rights ought to receive. Many times, it is pointed out, the influence of the church is thrown against strikers even though they may be struggling for elemental justice. The suspicion is put forth that the pulpit listens to the larger financial supporters and keeps silent or actively helps to form public opinion against the strikers.

That these charges are sometimes true cannot be doubted. The church has been silent at times when justice hung in the balance. Rarely does one find a stand for justice at any risk on the part of the clergy in circumstances where human beings have been practically enslaved by the power of greed. Apparently the richer the congregation, the less free the pastor to stand for the rights of man.

Yet one cannot view the brave pronouncements of the great church bodies, the National Catholic Welfare Conference, the Federal Council of Churches, the Central Conference of Jewish Rabbis, or the declarations of social faith made by the Congregationalists and Methodists, without a feeling that whatever be the faults of individual clergymen, the real voice of religion is on the side of human rights. These declarations are applauded by writers in this symposium, but it is held that the churches stop with declarations and do nothing to give them effect. Again there is truth, but the general influence of the many activities of the Federal Council of Churches, the

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National Catholic Welfare Conference and similar bodies is passed over lightly. The six regional conferences of the Catholic Industrial Conference, from Connecticut to California, in 1929, attest to one fruitful effort, at least.

Several writers attack the church because of its blessing of war and the attendant slaughter of the innocents—mostly of the laboring classes. It must appear incongruous to all to see the followers of the Prince of Peace scrap their peace sentiments and pray "to a just God and ask Him to play favorites, to use His infinite power on their side and join in the mad slaughter of His own beloved children."

The churches did that in all countries in the world war, but so did labor, and the educators and the business leaders. The church is not to blame for the overgrowth of nationalism, which is the bane of our civilization. That it has not done much to banish war is true, but in the circumstances of actual war, forces are let loose which are not amenable to religious sentiments, and the church has no power but that of love. This is an explanation, not a defense. The real criticism against the churches should be in that in times of peace they do not build up such a love of peace that war could not occur. Likewise in industrial disputes the great work of the churches cannot be done before the conflict begins.

On the whole, the book will stimulate thought, and I suspect that was the purpose of the versatile editor. It is not a treatise or a text-book. It is the rough-hewn opinion of men who are out on the battlefront of the industrial struggle.

JOHN A. LAPP.

How to Teach Religion

A Compendium of Catechetical Instruction; edited by Monsignor John Hagan. New York: Benziger Brothers. Four volumes, $22.50.

THESE volumes are preëminently practical in scope and purpose. They are intended for priests who are charged with the care of souls and engaged in the important work of teaching the truths of religion. They are also extremely valuable from a purely academic standpoint. They represent a venerable tradition in the Church as to the manner in which religious instruction should be imparted. In recent years catechisms, books of religion, manuals on the teaching of religion and studies in the pedagogy of religion have been flowing from the press in increasing volume. Most of these represent an earnest effort on the part of their authors to apply the principles of modern pedagogical science to the problem of religious instruction, and frequently they represent a decided divergence from the older systems of teaching. Though Monsignor Hagan's volumes contain no formal statement on pedagogical method, the system on which they are based cannot fail to challenge comparison with which is found in many modern manuals.

The author, who is the rector of the Irish College in Rome, found the inspiration for this compilation in the encyclical of Pius X on the teaching of Christian doctrine, Acerbo Nimis, April 15, 1905. His purpose, in accordance with the thought of the Holy Father as expressed in that encyclical, is to supply pastors with adequate and appropriate material to enable them to carry out effectively the difficult task of expounding the truths of religion. Though he offers the modest plea that the volumes make not the slightest pretense to originality, no better apology could be given for the manner in which he conceived and executed his task than the brief but adequate introductory chapter on the Roman Catechism. The succinct account of the origin and history of this Catechism is, at the same time, a survey of the history of modern catechetical instruction down to the publication of the catechisms of Pius X. The Roman Catechism, the Catechism of the Council of Trent, was planned and published to counteract the flood of error and skepticism which inundated the Christian world in the sixteenth century. It was drawn up expressly for priests in the discharge of their duty as teachers, and was intended to supply them with material for the instruction of their flocks. It was translated into many languages. In English it is most familiar in the revised version of Dr. Donovan of Maynooth, first published in 1829. Monsignor Hagan, mindful of the injunction of Pius X that the Roman Catechism should be the basis of all catechetical instruction, and not quite satisfied with Donovan's translation, gives here a new version. To this is added a translation of the Larger Catechism of Pius X.

The main portion of the work, however, is devoted to a translation of Father Angelo Raineri's Course of Catechetical Instructions. The selection of Raineri's work was due entirely to the place of preëminence it has held in Italy, France, Switzerland and elsewhere since its publication nearly a century ago. These instructions were delivered from the pulpit of the cathedral of Milan, commencing in 1800, and were frequently repeated during a period of forty years during which they were several times submitted to a process of revision and correction. While Monsignor Hagan sought to maintain the utmost fidelity to the originals in his translations of the catechisms, he has allowed himself considerable liberty in adapting, shortening or expanding Raineri's work, and whenever it has been necessary, has added to it, as in the instructions on the Church, purgatory, grace, transubstantiation and the sacrifice of the Mass.

The work is divided into four sections arranged in four volumes: On the Creed, On the Sacraments, On the Commandments, On Prayer. These various sections are subdivided in such a fashion that by regrouping the headings, the author has found it possible to draw up an Index on Homeletic Adaptation, which points out how the work may be used for a course of homeletics or catechetical instruction extending over a period of four years. The plan followed throughout was to place in sequence the chapters from the Roman Catechism and the Catechism of Pius X and to append to these the appropriate chapters from Raineri's Instructions. In this way each subject is dealt with as a separate entity. The idea of catechetical instruction is usually associated with the training of children or neophytes, but the purpose of the author has been so to arrange the course of training as to adapt it for use at the principal Mass on Sundays or festivals of obligation.

In a sense several methods are combined in this work. There is the elaborate explanatory and dialectical system of the Roman Catechism, the crisp, didactic method of the Catechism of Pius X and the detailed, hortatory style of Raineri's Instructions. In all three, however, the point of view is never lost sight of that the duty of conveying religious instruction is one which is committed to persons who speak with authority. As a consequence the work is direct and positive rather than critical or argumentative. When quotations from the Fathers and other writers are introduced (and the names of Saint Augustine, Saint Jerome, Saint John Chrysostom, Saint Ambrose and others occur frequently) no reference is given as to the sources whence the quotations are drawn. There are many misprints, but these are not of material consequence. There is no general index, though one would be very valuable.

PATRICK J. HEALY.

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Mrs. Kilmer's Choice

Selected Poems, by Aline Kilmer. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company, Incorporated. $1.50.

DISILLUSIONMENT, that quality which is markedly characteristic of many well-known writers of poetry today, informs the poems of Aline Kilmer, but instead of producing cynicism, it has grown flowers of exquisite lyricism and poignant simplicity. She has been busy destroying false perspectives, but she has been busier building a philosophy which sets her high above those who flaunt indifference and toss off flippant sentimentalities about that emotion of love with which poets mostly concern themselves. Because of this, her poems walk "the way primroses go." There is a pervading sorrow in them, but it is not that of one who would turn from the travail of this world to the soporific of new sensations. She makes intimate and dear to herself the many little commonplaces of widowhood and motherhood. Life goes on and so does her calm, if sometimes flagging, courage and her undismayed realization that if she is not here there will be others to carry on. Nothing could indicate this spirit more lucidly than her poem, Against the Wall:

"If I live till my fighting days are done,
I must fasten my armor on my eldest son. . . .

For you couldn't tell a youngster, it wouldn't be right,
That you wish you had died in your very first fight.

And I mustn't say that glory is as barren as a stone.
I'd better not say anything, but leave the lad alone."

Her departure from the cynics is more pronounced in her belief that to live, one must dwell contentedly with grief as well as with pleasure. She has been sure and true in her faith, and although she goes forth with the certainty of inevitable disappointment and failure, she finds herself possessed of admiration even for the very crosses she must bear:

"My cause was just, the fight was sweet.
Go from me, O mine enemy,
Before, in shame of victory,
You find me kneeling at your feet."

No airy generalities concern Aline Kilmer, nor is she diverted by the very human desire to advise others how to live. But she has breathed into every word a brave spirit which, because it has unflinchingly fought its own battles, becomes an inspiration to all who see it.

JOHN GILLAND BRUNINI.

Method in Play

Leisure and Its Use, by Herbert L. May and Dorothy Petgen. New York: A. S. Barnes and Company. $2.00.

MR. MAY, under whose direction this sociological study was prepared for the Playground and Recreational Association of America, might be termed a recreation expert, devoting his time to international observations on social and economic effects of the masses' spare time. He assisted in the city plan of Pittsburgh, and is active in planning those new model towns that pop up almost overnight in America. Here is a picture of one of them:

"A partial by-product of the movement (organized recreation) is the emergence of a type of city planning centering about open spaces and recreation facilities. This is typified in a new model community about to rise in northern New Jersey,

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called Radburn. Parks, playgrounds, walks and large yards are the dominating feature of this city, which is designed for a population of 25,000. 'A town for the motor age' it is called."

Some interesting insights into the nature (or "nurture," as Bertrand Russell prefers to call it) of brother races is provided by this study of the way in which they spend their leisure—which is not strange, since the sages have always counseled us to judge men and nations by their use of leisure. I recall the hubbub created in England by the American advertising men who sought to campaign for their clients there and duplicate the American success of blindfold tests and other colorful channels to the consumer's unconscious. The British would have none of it, and the campaign was withdrawn from the dailies almost as soon as it appeared. Likewise, the recreational experts hit the same unresponsive snag: "Our prejudice against much of what we call 'superimposed' or 'provided' recreation was confirmed by certain Britishers, brutally critical, who pointed out the phlegmatic response of the people to many provided activities, and who, furthermore, were strongly disposed to object to any efforts to influence or direct the lives of their fellow-citizens for whatever purpose. Nevertheless, we were not at any time able to discover anything among the English people . . . which would indicate that English life without provided recreation was better or more satisfactory than that of America similarly unprovided. It was here then that we turned against the superstition of The Better Life of Europe."

This work is of vital importance to directors of schools, playgrounds and such allied obligations, especially those entrusted with the spare time of young America. For the general reader of serious literature it can be recommended as a mine of first-hand information on a novel subject.

WALTER V. ANDERSON.

Adventure

When Fur Was King, by Henry John Moberly and William Bleasdell Cameron. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company, Incorporated. $2.75.

HENRY JOHN MOBERLY and William Bleasdell Cameron have written an interesting account of pioneer Canada. They have attempted no literary flights. Mr. Cameron has merely set down, in Mr. Moberly's own words, the life, experiences and tribulations that the latter encountered as a youth in a younger, wilder Canada.

Mr. Moberly's pioneer trapping and trading experiences began in 1854 when, as a youth of eighteen, he was given employment by the Hudson Bay Company. Life, as he describes it at that time, was considerably different from the existence of creature comforts he knew some seventy-five years later, when the manuscript of this book was being written.

The book is replete with incidents that range from encounters with wounded grizzly bears to even more perilous experiences with war-maddened redskins. It is an entertaining account of the time when the pioneer had to depend upon his courage and trigger finger for his daily rations and his survival. It is the kind of book any lover of outdoors will enjoy taking to a cool corner of the veranda to read. However, it furnishes a sad commentary not only upon the ruthless destruction of game that once roamed Canada and the United States but also upon the ruthless vanity of the so-called gentler sex who feel they are not completely dressed unless the skin of one of Nature's wild things is draped over their shoulders.

CLIFF MAXWELL.

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Briefer Mention

The Prophet's Wife, by R. O. Prowse. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.50.

ONE gets the impression that when the author of this unusual book began it, he perhaps did not foresee its end, but that the material in it was interesting enough to sustain him in the writing of it, as it does us in the reading. There is none of the quality of inevitability in this story of a modern religious leader of the ethical culture school and his temperamentally incompatible wife, though it is full of serious and often subtle writing about attractive and human people. The situation is in no sense resolved at the end of the story, in spite of the fact that the author desperately encompasses the prophet's death to resolve it, and this is surely due to the author's own failure to grasp its full implications. Hepworth —the prophet—belongs obviously to that order of beings who attain their best development alone. Susan, his wife, is a fine, simple woman, of generous impulses but with no special call to dedication or austerity. Mr. Prowse discerns a certain conflict; but he evidently knows nothing about vocations, and despite his delicate, indeed almost disembodied, approach to the problem under his pen, he is forced to take less lofty ground than it actually warrants, and to ascribe simply to the husband's glorified egoism what was really due to a disparity of vocations. In tracing the story of this central relation, Mr. Prouse has blocked in other characters by way of observers and chorus, all of them demonstrating that his eye and his touch are sure.

First Love, by Charles Morgan. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

THE writing which has gone into this novel of England in the seventies is worthy of a better central idea than the one upon which Mr. Morgan employs it. The theme of illicit love requires unusual implications of tragedy to make it even artistically acceptable, and this story of the young artist, Nigel Frew, and his mistress, Clare Sibright, while it affects an esoteric profundity, is trivial and, in its final development, unreal. The first quality results from the absence of anything resembling moral significance in the outlook, and hence in the decisions, of the main characters; the second, from the effort to write such significance into them suddenly, in the last chapter. Much finer is the surrounding and incidental material—the picture of the genteel stiffness, the sedate country life, the tight and yet tranquil domesticity, of fifty years ago.

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